

See Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
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MIDSUMMER EXCESSES.

SATURDAYS and Sundays in midsummer are the days of New York's excesses and follies. It is then that we go the limit in discarding our customary routine of life, changing our habits and our clothes, transforming work into play, leisure into strenuous exercise, moderation into extremes, normal appetites into gluttony.

But the most foolish of all the week-end things that New Yorkers do at this season of the year is drinking.

War's demands for strength and efficiency have restricted the sale and use of alcoholic liquors more than moral appeals and statutory enactment. On the Texas border military authority has taken the first step toward that strict regulation which European powers found necessary to impose on the traffic. The day's news contains two temperance lessons.

In addition to advising soldiers not to drink for their own good, commanders of New York troops in Texas have forbidden saloons in McAllen and Pharr to serve alcoholic liquor to soldiers in uniform under penalty of loss of license.

Finding that industrial efficiency is being lessened by consumption of alcohol at home and support of soldiers and sailors in danger of weakening, leaders of the British Government are considering further restrictions on the liquor traffic and perhaps total suspension for the "strength of Britain."

Gen. O'Hara's advice to the New York National Guard as men of sense and understanding in a temperance classic:

"You will refrain at all times from the use of liquor and beer, and the reasons for doing so should appeal to your intelligence. Liquor is particularly harmful in a hot climate, deadens the intellect and impairs physical fitness at a time when you may be called upon to exercise these possessions in the most effective manner."

New York and its suburbs in midsummer have a tropical climate as well as Texas. The physical exertions of soldiers on the Rio Grande under their new conditions are no more strange and strenuous than the Saturday and Sunday outings of New Yorkers at home.

There is more health, more happiness, more benefit, less loss, less regret, less reaction in a week-end without booze than with it. Cut it out for to-day and to-morrow. Be a soldier, not a sport.

THE DIAMOND AGE.

NO LONGER are Americans content with last year's standards of luxury. Meat on every table, a victrola in every parlor, a telephone in every house and an automobile for every family suffice not in these days of easy money. There must be a diamond for every feminine finger, and some also for fat masculine hands.

Following the stream of European gold flowing across the Atlantic are coming caskets of jewels, and far above all others in value are the diamonds. Newly made millionaires scramble for them, and shop girls are almost willing to die for them.

Importations of precious stones and works of art during the past six months show very large increases over the previous year's records. Diamonds are coming in at the rate of \$3,000,000 per month, which is three times their former figure.

At a valuation of \$100 per carat this would be sufficient to supply 30,000 persons per month with a good sized "sparkler," or 360,000 per year, with a large additional reserve corps wearing chips and glass ones.

It long has been the fad of preachers and moralists to denounce luxury, even though they did not really believe what they said; but that cynical old French philosopher, Voltaire, who saw through many shams, observed:

"Luxury has been declaimed against for the space of 2,000 years, both in verse and prose, and yet it has been always liked."

Nor did he see good reason why people should not enjoy wearing jewels and indulging in good things, for "men uniformly die whether they are in want of everything or enjoying the various means of rendering life agreeable."

Cato warned the Romans, after having conquered and plundered innumerable nations of gold, silver and jewels, never to become such fools as to use them. But Lucullus replied: "Rather you should wish, my good friend, that Crassus, Pompey, Caesar and myself should spend in luxury all we have taken."

There are compensations in all things. England has been made to pay well for munitions from Schwab, du Pont and other American manufacturers, but her family jewels and old masters sent to New York are fetching fancy prices to help counterbalance the cost of war.

Letters to the Editor.

The Stetson Case.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish you good luck in your efforts to have the case of Charles Stetson reviewed again in another trial. I happened to be in Albion, the county seat of Orleans County, N. Y., last July at the time of the trial. The defendant was very ably defended by his counsel, Mr. David White. I attended the trial from the day of opening until almost the last moment. I was so convinced that the man was innocent, and that he could not be convicted on the evidence produced, that I did not try to get into the courtroom when the verdict was brought in. The whole affair is a powerful witness against our present jury system. When the jury was being selected it was very difficult to get men to give sensible answers to the simplest questions.

All honor to you in taking up this case, for here is an innocent man who ought to be restored to his little home and family. With best wishes for your success, in all your undertakings, I am very sincerely yours,
E. P. HOOPER,
Doctor of the Church of the Ascension, Jersey City.

One Who Tried It.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Brothers, attention! One of our Evening World readers has recommended a teaspoonful of sour salt dissolved in glass of lukewarm water to clean straw hats. Try it. I did.
O. K.

ERNESTINE EVANS, Secretary.

Enlisted!

By J. H. Cassel



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

A LETTER that rings true and is signed by "a broken spirited father," reads as follows:
"I beg to ask if you will not write something on the subject of mothers who are addicted to drink. We often hear of husbands and fathers being the cause of broken and unhappy homes through this habit, but in my case it is just the contrary. While striving hard to correct her of this, it has caused one quarrel after another until we are now on the verge of a break."
"She is the best of wives in all other respects, but the drinking has got such a grip on her that her sense of reason seems to be leaving her. I've got to put up with some of the most silly arguments imaginable to keep peace in our little family and at the same time hide the true state of affairs from friends and neighbors."
"A few words from your pen through the medium of The Evening World would be very welcome. It may be the cause of helping some other families where the same state of affairs exists."
"Of course, dear men, this is a subject that is not largely written about. We are loath to think that the mothers of our race so lose their sense of the fitness of things that they become addicted to a habit that is repulsive even in the sterner sex."
"Yet we are living in an age of freedom of thought, freedom of habit. Woman is travelling all over the world with man, and I regret to say assuming many of his habits."
"But there is nothing more deplorable, more deplorable, nor more disgusting than to see a woman under the influence of alcohol."
"It approaches the unpardonable sin, no matter how woman becomes 'advanced' or how much she takes the

"Historian Doolittle does not mean 'do,' she said. 'She means 'do.' 'Bure!' said Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien. 'Her grammar is always ace-high.' 'Silence!' came from the Promptress."
"Do, is what I meant," said Miss Doolittle. "Our family has been correct grammatically for years. My uncle was teacher of the Buggy-dog School over near Grand Saline for three years, so you see, I come by my ability at grammar through inheritance."
"Miss Doolittle then informed the ladies she had written a war song for them to use if they ever had to fight. It was called "Trump, Trump, Trump, the Girls Are Marching."
"Shall I read it?" she asked.
"Go right ahead—don't mind me!" said Mrs. Queenie Snodgrass, who always said Miss Doolittle stole all her poems from Kipling and Walt Mason.
"Silence!" snapped Promptress Pertie.
Miss Doolittle then read two verses of the song. They follow:

Trump, tramp, tramp, the girls are marching,
They are brave soldiers indeed.
This is how we march, my country,
We do not let ourselves be led.
We march in perfect order, ladies,
We march in perfect order, ladies,
We march in perfect order, ladies,
We march in perfect order, ladies.

My sister's child, Tommy Richards, remarked while sitting in the gym, "Do you fight so much?"
"Yes, I do," said a young Jim Willard.
"You're just like the last time," Tommy said, and he did not hesitate to tell him all the time drumming.
"I saw old Jepp Boggs today on a skunk."

The last line of the song created another furor. Jepp Boggs is the

When Mothers Take to Drink.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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The time is never lost that is devoted to work.—EMERSON.

Our First Railway System.

THE first railway system in North America, the Baltimore and Ohio, had its beginning eighty-eight years ago when ground was broken at Baltimore. The Fourth of July of that year was a memorable one in the Maryland metropolis, and all business was suspended, while men from all over the State took part in the parade.
The ground-breaking ceremony was conducted by Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who was then ninety-two years old. As he drove the spade into the

The power of fortune is conferred only by the miserable; the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.—SWIFT.

husband of Lieut. Cutey Boggs. She arose very angry.
"What do you mean by putting my husband's weakness into a song?" she demanded.
Miss Doolittle held up one hand.

Rules for Good Salesmanship

By A. C. MacMahon.

THE prospect is always in the negative; his mind must be made affirmative; yet before he will say "yes" he must see "yes." A sale takes place in the head before it does in the pocketbook. A negative thought will remain until another thought—a contradictory thought—takes its place.
Suggestion is a very potent force in selling; a salesman can suggest by word of mouth, face expression, etc. Suggestions of this kind are the cause of the prospect suggesting within himself—within his mind's eye, so to speak—acceptance of the sale, thus making the thought mutual. So you see it is therefore simply a case of negative and positive minds.
A salesman should have the power of thought, and be able to convert that thought into immediate aggressive action, one who has the power of persuasion, and who can create a demand in other words. Salesmanship is a man who can sell the greatest amount of goods for the greatest amount of profit.
The Art of Achievement.
The salesman has now gotten the prospect's mind in an affirmative condition, thereby drawing him back to the line.
A salesman should be able to overcome obstinacy, soften prejudice, and let the light of reason into dark places. Hypothesis is something assumed for the sake of argument. The way to overcome an argument is to establish a fact. A man should sell through the facts, and never possible, and attack the most vulnerable point in a prospect's defense.

Russian Victories.

THE first great military victory of modern Russia was gained on the bloody field of Poltava 207 years ago when the army of Charles XII of Sweden was completely defeated by the forces led by Peter the Great.
The ambitious and powerful Swedish monarch began his Russian invasion of 1707 at the head of 43,000 well trained veterans, following along the same route as was chosen by Napoleon more than a century later. In the first clashes he was successful but he pursued the Russians with such haste and recklessness that his army was soon hopelessly involved in swamps and marshes. Peter recognized his forces and made his stand at Poltava, and the battle fought there on July 8, 1709, ranks among the greatest in history. The Russian bear, often whipped, now fought ferociously. The Russian army overpowered the army of Charles XII. by force of numbers. Charles XII. was wounded before the battle commenced, and directed the movements of his ragged and half-starved troops from a litter, in which he was carried about the field. The Russian artillery worked havoc in the army of the Swedish King, but Charles with a few men managed to escape and made his way to Turkish soil, where he found refuge from the wrath of the Czar.

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

WEDDING the Bachelor, extending his hand with that cheerful "look-who's-here" air with which a man always greets a woman from whom he has treacherously absented himself. "What has her ladyship been doing all these long days?"
"Doing?" repeated the Widow in a voice like molten ice cream, as she languidly gave him three fingers and waved him to a distant chair with the other hand. "Oh, just—no sound things."
"You don't mean FIGHTING?" exclaimed the Bachelor in mock reproach. "I hoped you'd been good—and loathsome."
"I am always good, Mr. Weatherly," announced the Widow sweetly, "and never loathsome!"
"Didn't you even—um—me?" persisted the Bachelor.
"Of course," returned the Widow politely, "until!"
"Who is that curly-headed ass?" demanded the Bachelor, as a good-looking youth in tennis flannels stopped devotedly to pick up the Widow's fan, and stood a radiant smile in return.
"Why is it?" returned the Widow coolly. "That any man who is nice and attentive to a woman whom you are neglecting is always an 'ass' or a 'mucker' or a 'jumpy' or an 'idiot'?" That, Mr. Weatherly, is a charming boy who has been trying to console me in my grief."
"Why is it," repeated the Bachelor testily, "that a woman never can remain happy for a minute in this life without some man tagging after her or hanging around her?"
"I don't know," acknowledged the Widow ruefully; "but she can't! A woman is like a dog. She simply MUST have somebody to whom to attach herself. A man should realize that, and keep her on a leash."
"And to think," growled the Bachelor bitterly, "that I've only been away from you a week!"

A Man Expects a Woman to "Stay Put."

THE Widow shrugged her shoulders. "You wouldn't leave your prize colts to his own devices, unleashed and unguarded, for a whole week?" she retorted. "Yet no man ever doubts that he can leave a woman waiting around until he gets ready to come back—and then find her just where he left her. He will keep her waiting three evenings for him to call, and then be utterly astounded and hurt to discover that she has gone out with somebody else when he arrives on the fourth. He will keep her waiting a year for a proposal, and then be shocked and broken hearted to hear that she is engaged to somebody else. He will marry her, and keep her waiting forever for a kiss or a compliment or for him to come home nights, and then be incensed and outraged to discover that somebody else is making love to her. The sooner men learn that a woman HAD to be kept on a leash, the better it will be for their happiness!"
"Kept on a leash!" exclaimed the Bachelor contemptuously. "Can't a woman be trusted?"
"Certainly," replied the Widow. "No can a dog—until he finds himself apparently forgotten or deserted. Then he looks around for somebody to be kind to him, and naturally he attaches himself to the first person who treats him with a little humanity."
"But I thought marriage was the only leash!" began the Bachelor.
"Poof!" interrupted the Widow, waving her fan airily. "Marriage is only the collar and the tag—the mark of ownership. The only leash by which a woman can be held is the leash of DEVOTION! The only way to keep a woman's attention centered on yourself is to centre your attentions on HER. The only way to keep her from thinking of anybody else is to keep her busy thinking of you; answering your letters and your telephone calls, thanking you for flowers, dreaming over your tender speeches and dressing to receive you. A woman's heart MUST be occupied by something, and if you occupy it there won't be room for anybody else. A man can actually so fill a girl's horizon that she won't even SEE another man. But, in these times, he has to make a little effort in order to do it. The old-fashioned girl who lived on memories and died of a broken heart is quite extinct. Our 'Brightest Being' days are over, Mr. Weatherly. Nowadays, if a girl discovers that she is being neglected, she merely drives her eyes, looks around and attaches herself to something else—Suffrage or art or bridge or a motor car—or another man!"

The Cat Comes Back; So Does the Man.

"THAT'S the woman of it!" exclaimed the Bachelor sorrowfully. "A man never feels like that."
"Because a man," rejoined the Widow, "is like a CAT—not like a dog. He CAN'T be leashed. He insists on wandering as long and as far as he pleases and coming back when he chooses."
"But he always does come back—sooner or later!" pleaded the Bachelor penitently, trying to take the Widow's hand.
"Usually sooner than he is expected—and later than the woman expected!" agreed the Widow. "But why didn't you write or telephone or explain or do SOMETHING to keep me thinking about you and waiting for you, instead of leaving me to my own wiles and devices?"
"Because," acknowledged the Bachelor sheepishly, "I wanted to make you MISS me!"
"And THAT, alas, is the man of it!" sighed the Widow, dimpling forgivingly. "He is never quite happy unless he thinks that he is making some woman miserable!"

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR looked out the window and down the street for the fortieth time. "Why doesn't that ice cream come? Did you forget, Tony, as I told you to, and tell him if he didn't hurry I'll send him a piece of ice right away and charge it on my bill?"
This last remark was addressed to Master Willie Jarr.
"Yes, Maw. Tony said he hadn't a bit of ice since yesterday afternoon and says he doesn't know when he can let you have any more."
"That's what one gets for patronizing poor people and petty tradesmen and trying to help them along," cried Mrs. Jarr. "If I had kept on dealing with the Ice Trust I would have plenty of ice. But, no; I'm soft hearted and I go deal with a poor man in a cellar, and when the time comes that I need the ice the most I can't get any. My butter is like salad oil and the milk is spoiling before my very eyes. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"
"We'll have to be patient, Mr. Jarr, my dear," ventured Mr. Jarr. "This sudden hot spell has made a sudden and excessive demand for ice, and ice companies simply can't supply it. It is the same with all private families in this part of the town. They are out of ice and can't get any, either."
"Oh, you're always thinking of other people," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Think of your own, once in a while. What do other people do for me? I want ice. My things are spoiling and my children are crying for lemonade!"
"Aw, I don't want any old lemonade, maw," cried Master Jarr. "Gimme five cents and I'll get an ice cream soda."
"Gimme five cents, too, mamma," piped up the little girl.
"You children are not going out in this hot sun for ice cream soda. Go and sit in the dining room; it's cooler there. Oh, why doesn't an ice cream come?"
"Maw, when I was at the grocery store I saw the ice man at Bepler's butcher shop leaving a whole lot of big cakes of ice," said Master Jarr. "If I go to Bepler's and get some ice cream soda?"
"You are too small to carry all the ice I need," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But your suggestion is splendid, and I will give you five cents each for ice cream soda."